EVE TO ERNEST.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

I am standing where in spring-time
Timid young moss-roses hide,
Thinking of the night I met thee,
Wand'ring with a stranger-bride,
Where the young moss-roses hide.

All the summer I've been dreaming
Of the years of long ago;
And reproaching angels ask me
Wherefore did I love thee so,
In the years of long ago?

Pale and sad the young moon wanders,
As she were as lone as I;
And the winds that haunt the midnight
Seem to ask me with a sigh,
If there's aught as lone as I?

With their calm, eternal smiling,
All the cold stars mock me now;
And a quenchless fire is burning
Ashen paleness on my brow—
Yet the cold stars mock me now.

Ernest, Ernest—when *I loved thee,*
Oh, how couldst thou break my heart?
How with cold and tearless languor
Couldst thou tell me we must part,
Knowing thou didst break my heart?

How couldst thou, a kindred mortal,
Mock me with thy bridal bells?
With the many mournful echoes
Of thy careless, faint farewells,
Blending with thy bridal bells?

Ah, I do reproach in madness—
Thou hast found undreaming rest;
Mourning roses from sweet censers
Fling faint perfume o'er thy breast,
While thou triest undreaming rest.

Oh, the evil thou didst give me
On my heart since—*then* has slept—
It has worn its own wild blackness—
While I've mused and prayed and wept,
Through the heart on which it slept.

Ernest—when the cold lid's languor
Closed above thy dark-blue eyes,
Ida did not turn heart-broken
From the sunlight and the skies
Thinking of thy dark-blue eyes.

Ah, my murmuring does not move the
Idol of my early trust—
All thy love fled to—another,
All thy beauty's in the dust—
Wasted was my early trust.

THE MISER'S HEIR.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

"I tell you, no, Agnes! I won't have it. The fellow only wants my money. I know him—I know him. I know all these dandified jimcracks. They hang around a few bags of dollars, as crows do around carrion. I won't have any such thing. Now you know."

"Father, you judge Walter too harshly. He is a good man—honest and industrious, and——"

"Industrious, say you? By the big lump, I'd like to know what he's got to show for his industry."

"He has a superior education, father."

"Education! Fiddlesticks! Can he live on his education? Can he make dollars of it?"

"Yes. He can live on it. He has already obtained a good situation as clerk."

"And will earn just about enough to keep him in the fine clothes he wears. I know these fellows. But there's an end on't. If you choose him rather than your poor old father, you can do so. I can live alone—I sha'n't live long—you can——"

"Stop—stop, father. You have no right to talk so. You know I could not leave you." And Agnes Breman threw her arms about the old man's neck, and kissed him, and then she left the room.

"It's curious how these young fools act," the miser muttered to himself, after he had watched his child depart. "There's been twenty of the sharks after that girl—twenty of 'em hovering around her, like man-eaters after a dead body. Don't I know what they want? Can't I see? Aha—can't I, though? It's MY MONEY! But Agnes has never loved one of 'em till this Adams came along. The jackanapes!—And now she wants to get married right away. Nonsense!"

The old man bowed his head as he spoke, and he saw a drop upon the back of his hand. It was a bright drop, and the rays of the setting sun were playing in it.

"She cried when she kissed me," he whispered, wiping the tear from his hard hand. "I don't see what makes her so tender-hearted. She never took it from me. But she may have taken it from——"

The old man stopped, and a cloud came over his wrinkled brow, for there was a pang in his heart. He remembered the gentle, uncomplaining being who had once been his companion—the mother of his child. He remembered how she became his wife, even when the bloom of manhood had passed from him; how she loved him, and nursed him, and cared for him, and how she taught her child to love and care for him, too. And he remembered how she had never complained, even while suffering, and how she had died, with a smile and a blessing upon her lips, though the gold of her husband brought her no comforts.

Noah Breman bowed his frosted head more low, and in his heart he wished that he could forget all but the few fleeting joys of his wife. But he could not forget. He could not forget that it had been whispered how his wife might have lived longer, if she had had proper clothing and proper medical attention.

"But it would have cost so much! I saved money!"

Ah—the reflection would not remove the pang. The other memory was uppermost.

Noah Breman had passed the allotted age of man, being over three-score-and-ten, and all his life had been devoted to accumulating money. He had denied himself every comfort, and his heart had been almost as hard as the gold he hoarded. But as his hair grew more white and sparse, and the years came more heavily upon him, he thought more—reflected more. The sweet smile of his dead wife was doing its mission now; and the pure love of his gentle child was a continual remembrancer to him that there were better hearts than his own.

At length the miser arose, and passed out from the room. He would have left the hut; but as he reached the little entry way, he heard a voice from the garret. It was his child's. He crept up the rickety stairs, and looked through a crack in the door. He saw Agnes upon her knees. Tears were rolling down her cheeks, and her hands were clasped towards Heaven. And she prayed—

"Oh, God! be good to my father, and make his heart warm and peaceful! Make me to love him with all tenderness, and enable me to do well and truly the duty I pledged to my sainted mother! I promised her I would love and care for him always. Father in Heaven, help me! Oh! help me!"

The old man crept down the stairs and out of doors, and for a whole hour he walked alone among the trees. He thought again of his wife—again of his child—and then—of his gold! And this was not the first time he had walked alone there. He did not himself know how great was the influence his child was exerting over him.

Agnes—pure, good, beautiful Agnes—wept long and bitterly in her little garret, and when she had become calm, and her cheeks were dry, she came down and got supper. But she was not the smiling, happy being that had flitted about the scanty board heretofore.

A few days after this, as Noah Breman approached his cot one morning, he heard voices from within. He peeped through a rent in the coarse paper curtain, and saw Walter Adams with his child. Her head was upon Walter's shoulder, and his arm was about her.

Walter was an orphan, and had been Agnes' schoolmate, and her fervent lover through all the years of opening youth. He was an honorable, virtuous man, and loved the gentle girl because she was so good, and so gentle, and so beautiful. And she loved him, not only because he had captured her heart in the time agone, but because he was, of all her suitors, the only one whose character and habits promised joy and peace for the future.

"I cannot leave my poor old father, Walter," the old man heard his daughter say. "I must live to love and care for him. On all the earth I am the only one left to love him. It is hard! My heart may break! But the pledge of love I gave to my dying mother must be kept."

"And so the great joy-dream of my youth must be changed to this sad reality!" exclaimed Walter, sorrowingly. "I cannot ask you to leave your father, sweet Agnes, for the very truth in you which I worship would be made a lie could you do so. But I have a prayer—an earnest, sincere prayer. I pray that God, in his mercy, may remove the curse from your father's bended form!"

"The curse, Walter?"

"Aye—THE GOLD CURSE!" rejoined the youth, fervently. "I hope God may render him penniless!"

"What? Penniless?" repeated Agnes, with a start.

"Aye—penniless! for then he would be far more wealthy than he is now. Then he would know how to appreciate the priceless blessing of his sweet Agnes' love, and then the crust might be broken, and his heart grow human again. And more than all," Walter continued, winding his arm closely about the fair form of his companion, and speaking more deeply, "then I could prove to him my love. Then I could take you to my home—and I could take your father to my home—and we could both love him and care for him while we lived!"

Noah Breman stopped to hear no more, and as he walked away, he muttered to himself—

"The rascal! He'd do great things. Me penniless!—And he praying for it!—The young villain!"

When the old man gained his accustomed walk among the great sycamores, he wiped something from his eye. He acted as though a mote had been blown in there.

Two weeks passed on, and Agnes grew pale and thin. She did not sing as she used to, nor could she smile as had been her wont. Still she murmured not, nor did her kindness to her father grew less.

"Oh, God! help me to love my father!" she prayed one night. "Let not my grief make me forget my duty!"

And the old man heard it.

One night Noah came home from the city, and in his hand he brought a small trunk. He barred the door, and drew the tattered curtains close.

"See!" he said, as he opened the trunk, and piled the new bank-notes upon the table. "Look there, Agnes, and see how I have worked in my life-time. I had no education, but I've laid up money—*money*—MONEY! How many men would sell me all their brains to-night for this! See—one thousand—two—three—four—five— Count them, Agnes. There's a thousand good dollars in each package!"

Agnes counted them over, for she thought her father wished it, and she made fifty packages.

"Why have you taken it from the bank, father?" she asked.

"To let it, my child—to let it at a round interest, Agnes. I shall double it, darling—*double it*—DOUBLE IT!"

And while the old man's eyes sparkled with evident satisfaction, his child wore a sad, sorrowing look. And long after that she sat and looked at the working features of her father, and prayed that the Gold-Fiend would set him free.

When Agnes retired she left her father up; but ere long she heard him put his little trunk away, and then go to his bed. And then she slept.

Hark! What sound is that? Agnes starts up in affright, and listens. But see! A bright light is gleaming out into the night, and thick volumes of smoke pour into the garret!

"Fire! Fire!" sounded a voice from the entry, and she hears the sharp crackling now, and feels the heat. "Agnes! My child!" And in another moment she meets her father upon the stairs. He is dressed, but she is not.

"Take all your clothing, Agnes, and you can put it on in the entry. The house is all on fire!"

In a few minutes more the father and child stood in the road, the latter with a bundle of clothing in her hand, while the former held a small trunk. They gazed upon the burning building, but neither of them spoke.

And others came running to the scene, but no one tried to stay the flames. And the effort would have been useless had it been made, for the old shell burned like tinder. But more still—no one would have made the effort, even had success been evident, for the miserable old hut had too long occupied one of the fairest spots in the village. There were no other buildings to be endangered, so they let the thing burn.

"You have your money safe," said Agnes.

"Yes. See—I took the trunk. I left the candle burning so that I could watch it. But I went to sleep, and the candle must have fallen over. But I got the trunk!" And as he spoke he held it up and gazed upon it by the light of the flaring ruins.

"*That is not the trunk!*" whispered Agnes, in affright.

"NOT——" But the old man spoke no further. He saw that he had taken the wrong trunk! This was only filled with old deeds and dusty receipts!

"*Ruined! Lost!*" groaned Noah Breman, as he turned from the scattered embers. "I had fifty thousand dollars in that trunk! And where are they now?"

"Never mind," said Agnes, winding her arm about her father's neck, "we'll be happy without it."

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"What?" uttered Noah Breman, gazing into Walter Adams's face. "Do you mean that you will give *me* a home, too? That you will provide for me, and keep me?"

"Yes," returned the youth, hopefully. "I could never be happy with Agnes, much as I love her, if I thought her poor old father had no home. Come—we'll live together, and be as happy as the days are long."

"But your salary, young man?"

"Is sufficient for us, sir. I have five hundred dollars a year. We can live well on that, and lay up something, too."

"Well, well—take her—love her—be good to her—make her happy—don't never——"

When the old man saw the joyous tears leap from his child's eyes he turned away and walked quickly from the house; but he was not so quick but that he heard the blessings that followed him. And when he walked alone beneath the starry heavens he wiped his own eyes as though something troubled them.

Gay as a lark was gentle, beautiful Agnes when she became the wife of Walter Adams. The rose bloomed again upon her cheek, and the smiles were upon her happy face like sunshine all the day long.

"Do you pray to God to help you to love me now?" the old man asked, after he had lived with Walter some months.

"Why—what do you mean?" Agnes asked, in surprise.

"You used to pray so, for I have heard you," returned Noah.

A moment the young wife gazed into her parent's face, and then she answered, while she threw her arms about his neck,—

"Oh! I pray that you may be spared to us for long years in peace and happiness; but—love you? Oh! I could not help it if I should try. And Walter loves you, father—he loves you very much, for he has told me so many times."

There was something more than usual in the old man's eye now.

One evening, as the happy trio sat at the tea-table, Walter looked more thoughtful than was his wont.

"What is it, love?" Agnes asked.

"O—nothing," the husband said, with a smile. "I was only thinking."

"But of what?"

"Only castle-building—that's all."

"In the air, Walter?" asked Noah.

"Yes—very high in the air," the young man returned, with a laugh.

"But tell us what it is."

"Well—I'd as lief tell you as not. Mr. Osgood is to retire from our firm in a few days. He is well advanced in years, and has made a fortune in the business, and he will live now for comfort and health alone. He has not been very well of late years."

"And is that all?"

"No. I am to be advanced to the post of head book-keeper, with a salary of twelve hundred dollars."

"And is *that* all?"

"Yes."

"But what 'castle in the air' is there abont that?"

"O—that isn't the *castle.*"

"Then what *is* the castle?" urged the old man, playfully.

"Why—simply this," said Walter, laughing, but yet almost ashamed to tell it: "This noon Mr. Osgood patted me on the shoulder, and, said he—in his playful way—'Walter, I'll sell you all my interest here for fifty thousand dollars.'"

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed Noah Breman, "and you thought he was in earnest."

"No, no," quickly returned the young man. "I did not think that; though I know that the other two partners would willingly have me for an associate."

"But it seems to me old Osgood holds his share in the concern at a high figure."

"Oh, no. It is a very low one. There is a clear capital of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in the business at this moment; and then think of all the standing and good-will which goes for nothing."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the old man again.

Then Walter laughed; and then Agnes laughed; and then they finished their supper.

On the next evening Walter Adams came in and sank down upon the sofa without speaking. He was pale and agitated, and his eyes had a vacant, wandering look.

"Walter!" cried Agnes, in terror, "what has happened?"

"He's sick," muttered Noah Breman, without looking around.

"No, no—not sick," returned the young man, starting up; "but I am the victim of a miserable trifling."

"Eh?—how so?" asked old Noah, now turning his chair.

"I'll tell you," said Walter, with a spasmodic effort. "I had some long entries to post this evening, so I remained in the counting-room after the rest had gone. I was still at work when Mr. Osgood came in and placed some papers on my desk, saying, as he did so—'Here, Walter, these are yours.' And then he went out. When I had finished my work, I opened the papers. The first was a sort of inventory of what Osgood had owned in the business, and footed up, in square numbers, forty-nine thousand eight hundred and seventy-five dollars. The next paper was a deed conveying the whole vast property to me, and making me a partner in the concern upon equal footing with the other two!"

"Well," said the old man, thumping his foot upon the carpet, and keeping time with his hands, "I don't see anything very bad in that."

"But I do," replied Walter. "It is cruel to trifle with me thus."

There was something in Noah's eye again, but he managed to get it out, and then he spoke thus:

"Walter Adams, when young men used to hover about my child, I believed they were only after my gold; and I knew that in most cases I was correct. I believed the same of you. I knew nothing but the love of money that could underlie human action. My heart had become hardened by it, and my soul darkened. But it was for my sweet child to pour the warmth and light into my bosom. It was for her to keep before me the image of the gentle wife whom I had loved and lost, but, alas! who occupied a place in that love second to my gold! It was for my child to open gradually, but surely, the fount of feeling which had been for a lifetime closed up. I heard her pray for me—pray that she might love me—that she might have help from God to love me; and that was after I had refused to let her be your wife. I saw her grow pale and sorrowful, and I knew I had done it—and she loved me still. And still she prayed God to help her.—Help her what? Help her love her father! I was killing her, and she tried to smile upon me. One evening I heard you both conversing in the old hut. My child chose misery with duty to her father rather than break that duty in union with the man she loved. And you uttered a prayer. You prayed that I might be made penniless—— Stop! Hear me through.—— You would then show your disinterestedness. I walked away and pondered. Could it be that I had found a man who would love an old wreck like myself, with no money. If it was so, then that would break the last layer of crust from my soul. I determined to test you. I had gained a glimmering of light—my heart had begun to grow warm—and I prayed fervently that I might not be disappointed.

"I went to the bank, and drew out fifty thousand dollars in bills. That night my miserable old hut was set on—or—a—*caught* fire. I shall always think 'twas my candle did it. But the old shell burnt down, and room was made for a better building. I came out with a wrong trunk, and the other trunk was burnt up. But the money wasn't in it. No, no. I had that safely stuffed into my bosom and deep pockets, and all buttoned up; and the next day I carried it all back to the bank, and had it put with a few thousand more which I hadn't disturbed. And so my experiment commenced; and I found the full sunshine at last. Aye, Walter, I found you the noble, true man I had prayed for. You took me into your home, and loved me when you thought me penniless, and you took my child to your bosom for just what God had made her. And now, my boy, I've been doing a bit of work in the dark. I've paid Mr. Osgood fifty thousand dollars in cash for his share in the business, and it is all yours. And let me tell you one more thing, my boy—if your two partners can raise fifty thousand dollars more to invest, just tell 'em you can put in five-and-twenty thousand more at twelve hours' notice. Tell 'em that, my boy! Tell 'em old Noah ain't quite ashore yet. Tell 'em he has found a Heart—a HEART, my boy! Come here, Agnes—come here, Walter. God bless you both—bless you as you have blessed me!"

Nobody pretended that they had motes in the eye now, for the occasion of the weeping was too palpable.

GO NOT YET.

Go not yet, the night is young,
The moon is scarcely on her way,
And the nightingale has sung
But the prelude to her lay.
Go not yet!

Stay, and ease my beating heart,
Panting all its truth to prove;
Why so early wilt thou part?
'Tis the secret hour of love.
Go not yet!

Burning lips shall set their seal
On my passion's bond to-night,
While they eagerly reveal
How thou art my soul's delight.
Go not yet!

Stolen moments, let them be
Witnesses of riper bliss;
All that's past shall seem to thee
But a dream compared to this.
Go not yet.

NOW AND TO-DAY.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

Our to-day's—how inadequately are they appreciated? Now—in which all the blessings of life is alone included—with what strange indifference do we turn from its rich offerings, to feast our eyes on gardens of delight, that spread away, temptingly, in a future that forever mocks us with the unattained? There are pearls and diamonds scattered all along the paths we are treading, but we cannot stop to gather them for looking at the mountains of gold that gleam against the far horizon. All of our unhappiness springs from neglected or misspent hours and to-days. The present moment is God's loving gift to man. In it we weave the web of our future, and make its threads bright with sunshine, or dark with evil and suffering.

"Come and kiss me, papa," cried a voice full of music and love.

But papa was in the passage below, with coat, hat and gloves on, all ready to go forth to the day's business, and little pet Louis was up in his mother's chamber, only half dressed.

"Hav'nt time now, I'll kiss you when I come home," papa answers back, and then starts from the house in a hurried manner.

A pearl lay at his feet, and Mr. Edwards had failed to lift the precious thing. He would have been so much the richer for life.

"Dear Lu!" he said to himself, as he moved along the street, "that kiss would have done us both good, and consumed but half a minute of time: and I hardly think that I shall find another half minute so richly freighted with blessing to-day."

At the cornor of the next square, Mr. Edwards waited four minutes for an omnibus. It was lost time. Four minutes spent with dear pet Louis, how full of pleasure they would have been—how fragrant their memory through all the day?

When Mr. Edwards arrived at his store neither his morning newspaper nor his book-keeper was there. So, he could neither get at his books, which were in the fire-proof, nor glean from his Gazette the commercial news or state of the markets. No customers were in at so early an hour. And so Mr. Edwards passed the next twenty minutes in comparative idleness, his mind burdened just enough to make him feel uncomfortable, with the thought of little Louis quivering over the covetted parting kiss.

At the end of twenty minutes, the book-keeper arrived. The honey of Louis's parting kiss would have sweetened the temper of Mr. Edwards for the day. Without it, under slight annoyances, his spirit grew sour. He spoke to the book-keeper with slight impatience, and in words of reproof for being late. A sick child was the excuse; and as he looked into his clerk's face, he saw that it was pale with trouble and watching.

Mr. Edwards sighed. The pressure on his feelings was heavier. Everything, during that day, seemed to possess a strange power of annoyance; and to the failure to lift a pearl from his feet in the morning, was added many failures of a like character.

"Will you please to buy an almanac?" said a childish voice near him.

"No, I do not please," was the gruff reply of Mr. Edwards. He spoke as he looked up, on the moment's impulse. The timid, half-frightened face of a tender child, scarcely a year older than his darling at home, glanced upon him for an instant, and then he saw only the retreating form of a little girl. Before his better feelings prompted a recall of his repellant words, she was in the street, and out of sight.

This was a little thing in itself, but it told sharply on the feelings of Mr. Edwards, who was naturally a kind-hearted man. He sat very still for a little while, then, sighing again, went on with the letter he was writing when the little almanac-seller disturbed him at his work. Another "now" had passed, leaving a shadow instead of the sunshine it might have bestowed.

"Can you help me out to-day? I have a large note falling due."

"I cannot," replied Mr. Edwards.

The neighbor looked disappointed, and went away.

Now that neighbor had many times obliged Mr. Edwards in a similar way. Our merchant had no balance over in bank. That may be said for him. But he had money out on call, and could, without inconvenience, have helped his neighbor. He remembered this after it was too late. The "now" had passed again, and left upon his memory another burden of unquiet thought.

And so the hours of that day past, each one leaving some "now" unimproved—some pearl lying by the wayside—some offered blessing untouched; and when, at a later hour than usual, Mr. Edwards turned his steps homeward, he felt as if he had lost instead of gained a day.

Dear Louis! Away, faster than his feet could carry him, went the heart of Mr. Edwards towards his darling boy. Somehow, the father's imagination would present no other image of the child, except one that showed him in grief for the kiss denied that morning.

"Where is Louis?" were the first words spoken by Mr. Edwards, as he entered the room where his wife was sitting. It was at least an hour after nightfall.

"In bed and asleep," was the answer.

At another time this answer would have produced no unpleasant feelings; now it was felt almost like a painful shock.

Mr. Edwards went to the chamber where Louis lay in his little bed. The gas was burning low; he turned it up, so that the light would fall upon his face. How beautiful it was in its childish innocence! How placid! And yet the father's eyes saw, looking as they did through the medium of a troubled state, a touch of grief upon the lips, and a shade of rebuking sadness on the brow of his darling.

"Precious one!" he said, as he bent to kiss the pure forehead. "I wronged both your heart and mine."

It seemed to him, after the kiss and confession, that the sleeper's face took on a more peaceful, loving aspect. For many minutes he stood gazing down upon his unconscious boy; then murmuring to himself—"It shall not be so again, sweet one!"—lowered the gas to a taper flame, and went with noiseless footsteps from the room.

For the gain of half a minute to business, in the morning, what a loss had there been to love and peace, and comfort for the space of hours. Let us take care of our nows, and our to-days; for herein lies the true secret of happiness, and the true philosophy of life.

IMPORTANT TRUTHS FOR WIVES.

In domestic happiness the wife's influence is much greater than her husband's; for the one, the first cause—mutual love and confidence—being granted, the whole comfort of the household depends upon trifles more immediately under her jurisdiction. By her management of small sums, her husband's respectability and credit are created or destroyed. No fortune can stand the constant leakages of extravagance and mismanagement; and more is spent in dimes than women would easily believe. The one great expense, whatever it may be, is turned over and carefully reflected on ere incurred; the income is prepared to meet it; but it is pennies imperceptibly sliding away which do the mischief; and this the wife alone can stop, for it does not come within a man's province. There is often an unsuspected trifle to be saved in every household. It is not in economy alone that the wife's attention is so necessary, but in those little niceties which mark a well-regulated house. An unfurnished cruet stand, a missing key, a buttonless shirt, a clammy spoon, a soiled table-cloth, a mustard-pot, its old contents sticking hard and brown about it, are severally nothings; but each can raise an angry word or cause discomfort. Depend on it, there's a great deal of domestic happiness in a well-dressed mutton-chop or a tidy breakfast-table; and if wives will not attend to these minutiæ, they risk the club or saloon, and their consequences. Men grow sated of beauty, tired of music, are often too wearied for conversation (however intellectual): but they can always appreciate a well-swept hearth and smiling comfort. A woman may love her husband devotedly—may sacrifice fortune, friends, family, country, for him—she may have the genius of a Sappho, the enchanting beauties of an Armida; but—melancholy fact—if with these she fail to make his home comfortable, his heart will inevitably escape her. And women live so entirely in the affections that, without love, their existence is a void. Better submit, then, to household tasks, however repugnant they may be to your tastes, than doom yourself to a loveless home. Women of the higher order of mind will not run this risk: they know that their feminine, their domestic, are their first duties.

WATCH WELL OVER YOUR CHILDREN.

Children can only be preserved in health of body and mind by a constant and minute attention to little things, not only in them but in yourselves. They are watchful and keen observers of all that passes; their comments would sometimes excite your surprise. An acorn contains the germ of the mighty oak; a wanton idea, carelessly thrown on the infant mind, may produce fearful results. They are now plastic, and may be molded at will; but it is long ere you can efface a false impression. You laugh at their childish babble, but see what it portrays: in it you may trace the hero, the philosopher, the coquette, the loving woman. And their joys and sorrows, futile as they seem to us, they are great to them, proportioned to their strength. Our great poet has bid us pity the dying insect's pangs; in like manner dread your children's passions—watch well, but do not tamper with them. Cruelty, vanity, lying, pride, gluttony, selfishness, every evil feeling, may be carelessly fostered in a child, and that by Christian, but unthinking parents. Even the baby in arms can have a kind of education—will give some traits of character—slight, indeed, but indicative to an attentive, vigilant parent. We give them credit for discernment—we allow that they invariably discover their real friends, and turn from the complaisant but hollow admirer—why should we doubt their power of knowing right from wrong? They do; and it is not at all unfrequent to hear a child refuse to obey, because "I am naughty—I won't do it." Some persons love to tease them—to excite their tiny rage—to raise their fears. This is worse than tyranny. Who can answer for the consequences of this folly?—a soured and suspicious temper, weakened health, and injured intellect. And this fearful, life-long misery is too often the price of half an hour's laugh. Watch well, then, over your children; for of a truth small things are great to them.

DIFFICULTY is a severe instructor, set over us by the supreme ordinance of a parental guardian and legislator, who knows us better than we know ourselves, and he loves us better, too. He that wrestles with us strengthens our nerves and sharpens our skill. Our antagonist is our helper. This amicable conflict with difficulty obliges us to an intimate acquaintance with our object, and compels us to consider it in all its relations. It will not suffer us to be superficial.